Summer 1939

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Yes. I'll come tomorrow
to tea, my own darling
creature - you shant be
sad again for long - in
fact I cant bear not
seeing you - Have the other
lot of letters & 2 books that may
amuse you - We've been bowling
& its so late they must go.
How have you kept? Bruce
Richmond says a man called
Lowndes in the office
wrote the thing in the Times
Love from us, darling. Oh & Lou wanted to make you a loaf!

(1897)

Thursday Monks House.

This is only your tiger's morning
kiss, to melt these letters.
Ben can discuss Tom's fish
afternoon - I mean tomorrow - when I
shall turn up for tea.
I rather resented the presence of the
spruce Jewess yesterday, though there
no harm in her. The only want is a
bath & wool to turn her into a
kitten. No, pink rag. This not a
patch on John Ruskin. We read
them as far as the halt, Leonard
then passed them, in sheer bravado;
I didn't allow even Clive
2 boxed up for a month in that
black beetle web - that mild mixture.

But I suppose there no accounting for tastes, & the great thing is to have tastes. I spent the evening reading my George Sand in Angelica's chapter, which must be exactly what she was the first time she met Chopin. So it most suitable: a country all the romance of Berlin in the 30ties whenever I come into the room. Otherwise the world of Rodmell is peaceful — roasting hot in my lodge, even with all the windows open, & the flowers are turning the colour of lions

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opposite. Two dolphins were by my side, in a bath, bright blue, with her tail curled. But then I've been always in love with her since I was a green eyed brat under the nursery table, & so shall remain in my extreme senility.

Leonard has filled the house with oak logs
brought off an old man with a waggon —
they smell of the essence of wood: &
ah the bliss are in the dining room too;
so it goes to the head like wine, &
then comes poor Jung's Divle, which &
only by way of a morning kiss —
dearest love, how I adore you

B.

1860

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Sunday

This is only a scrap to chuckle —
that is to say, Could we come &
dine with you on Tuesday? — that is
to say if we're bringing Angelica back.
(then) could have some more papers on Jan-
not that I've heard from Mayery — still
there may be some coals, Lord! & honey —
Oh why do are you the only person
I never see enough of? — to see you again.
Yesterday was such a medley — we
thought we were free to bask in
naked heat, when in stumbled Mabel,
bored with Lewes race, as red as a
tomato, as stuffed as a sofa, but she
says the eats only cheese a jacket,
living in lodgings with Mr Sanford at
Brighton — It occurred to me that

the maid do for us, sending the other woman
for a footman. But this I would not
take. Then, no sooner had I given her some
apples, during which I left the door open —
Mitzy escaped, & L. said That's the last
we shall ever see of her — not a bit of it —
There she was on the kitchen table,
nibbling a lettuce — Then, Tracy, as we
recovered, a car stopped, out darted
John Graham, in short, very personable,
but condemned, by nature & fate, to be
a schoolmaster at Hampstead. Not but
what he has learning & intellect. What
pleasure to go & decorate the iron age
urn with him as Autumn — won't you come too?
And he stayed, boarding with L. till
dinner; & then at last we dined. Then is
a remark: I ought to be dodging the drawing
room, fetching tea for the butler, & doing
my hair, for L. each room he back from
London, puts a can load of grey old blind
Ladies, one of whom was a hospital nurse at
Cannes & married his uncle solely for
the sake of his military bearing, for he

was a bad lot, the a complete ambient
way work – like Track, only thicker,
duller, more entirely obtuse. Hastings
QLA with I hope descend. do thank
ah my lovely Dolphin: let me know
about Tuesday, – what is you dont
want us – uh- may well be – a
W can fetch anything you London
for you. JB

W dont hear, we'll bring
a hash & dine: on
Tuesday
If I can I'll come
over tomorrow
to tea.

mean the wet sand on a green evening. If G. could take away the arm Chair on Friday I wd. love them: only its prodigious: solid however, & Ethel Smyth threatens a visit Monks House stalked. How are you my loveliest of dolphins?

Thursday

RC 37

I'm coming to tea tomorrow, Friday, & then Quentin will be able to drive me back. I wanted to publish to say you couldn't have Adrian, nor we Judith this week end: but would they come next week end. I wonder if you've heard from the Mauroms. I rather hope nobody will come that week end, unless it means dolphin standing on her tail, & I think she ought to curl in a basket another week at least. This morning Faber at last sent Julian's eggs. I'll bring them tomorrow. And Ozzie dickens wrote to say old Violet has fallen on a mat & broken her thigh, is in a nursing home, in plaster at Paris, & wish I would write to her & cheer her up.

Do you keep.

B

237

What human beings are these men! How can I cheer up Robert after a 20 years illness? Our jokes grow old. And he says he may never walk again. And I suppose they 75 at least. Then I had a cable from America, asking for a story – to which I replied, as you back me, only if money is paid beforehand: so I wait the result, but expect nothing'll come yet: & then you will be responsible. But I'm sure you're right all the same. And a great branch in the churchyard is cracked & hangs over our fruit. L. is at this moment writing to tell Mr Ebbs that he must cut it. As its pendant, 100 feet (at so) high, how can a clergyman cut it? But as Mrs Ebbs told us to mend our walk, they must cut the tree. I wish I were having tea with you: but you didn't want me twice running I suppose. My love has always been faster than your thimble. Here an enclosure for Angelica. I'll subscribe for her if she likes. And the silk has come – a lovely evening beach colour. I

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HAMILL 2/10/68

Aug 17
1937

Monkstowne,
Tuesday

Quentin has just rung up; we
suppose the great muddle is
more or less solved: And this
is only by way of Jujes
morning Kiss. Helen wrote by
the way to say you dont
like the Lammock. Sis to be
given to me. To say you do
like the Lammock. because
one Ethelope is enough for me.
There have been no great
adventures to speak of. Save
that the Bride was seen last

night as we came through, in a storm of
rain, a darting ship passing, & all
very romantic, as usual I thought of
you. Do you think we have the
same pair of eyes, only different
spectacles? I rather think I'm
more nearly attached to you than
sisters should be. Why is it
I never stop thinking of you. Even
when walking in the marsh this
afternoon, seeing a great snake
like a sea serpent gliding
among the grass? You were
right about the American
magazine: they now say they will.
Take my story V. write a sketch
Zyloroxis — which is a sketch of the

plot; we've made up a story about a Jeweller – a Duchess, & cabled the plot – how he buys her pearls, for £10,000, knowing them to be false – that we can get by any means. Do you think, knowing the Americans as you do, that this will fetch them? We mean £200 at stakes. I'm completely stuck in my war pamphlet, & I may as well write about Duchesses. I'm always wanting to argue & write Julian – in fact I wrote it as an argument with him. Somehow he worried me up to argue – I wish I'd got him – ways to send – they might give me some ideas. I suppose Charles will drive them with you; I shant see you alone for ever so long. Tuesday I creep over tomorrow, but I hardly think you'll want to see me so soon again. A letter from Tom, who wants to come

Late in September: a letter from a lady who has described me in a French newspaper — "a noble lady with a great shock of white hair" — Lord, are we as old as all that? I feel only about sixty and a half. And now I must play bowls, be healthy and more, & then have out the scope & if you notice a dancing light on the walls, that's me. The light comes from your eyes. & you can't rub it off; my darling honey how I adore you. & Lord knows I can't say what it means to me to come into the room & find you sitting there. Roger felt just the same. Have you noticed any extracts in his letters? I think you must begin at the beginning & read Lady Fay. So no more. I'll bring them from London next week.

B.

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